

ALL

I was doing
was exercising my
imagination

I would have gone for angels
but they were
well covered in
botticelli
michaelangelo
swedenborg

instead I went for demons
they had been covered too
best by fuseli in his
painting NIGHTMARE

rubens' satyrs were
close but
a bit
overdone

mine were
waving arms under black robes
robes like shadow
and their arms
were white bones
really
with flesh
appearing and
disappearing
but bones
white and constant
then vanishing
too

quickly changing creatures
changing faster than I could
describe here
in my poem

I tried to keep up with them
but I knew
my poem could only be an outline
a sketch

I WRITE POEMS

about demons
water the plants
clean the oven

such a clean oven now
in a dirty kitchen

a demon waving a fan
its claw (right claw)
about a thin bamboo handle
a multicolored
fan
made of feathers
seeming parrot
feathers

it has
teeth
the demon not
the fan

pronounced pointed
teeth
yellow shining
enamel

wet
teeth
that move out
from its mouth
and curl with
its claw (right claw)
about the thin
bamboo handle
it waves its
fan with teeth and claw

GAGAKU

they bounce balls
basketballs
and white softballs (baseballs)
the softballs bounce higher than the
basketballs
now they catch the bouncing
balls
in their big open mouths
and swallow them
the basketballs in their stomach
make them appear
pregnant
the softballs caught in
their throat make
them appear to have
mumps or
goiters of the throat
or something
worse